HYMNS

FOR

THOSE THAT SEEK

AND

THOSE THAT HAVE

REDEMPTION

IN THE BLOOD

OF

JESUS CHRIST.

THE EIGHTH EDITION.

BRISTOL:

PRINTED BY WILLIAM PINE, 1768.

BRITISH MUSEUM

HYMNS For, &c.

HYMN I.

To—*Father, our Hearts we lift.**

1 JESUS, my Lord, attend
Thy fallen creature's cry,
And ſhew thyſelf the ſinner's friend,
And ſet me up on high;
From hell's oppreſſive power,
From earth and ſin releaſe,
And to thy father's grace reſtore,
And to thy perfect peace.

2 For this, alas! I mourn
In helpleſs unbelief,
But thou my wretched heart canſt turn,
And heal my ſin and grief;
Salvation in thy name
To dying ſouls is given,
And all may, thro' thy merit, claim
A right to life and heaven.

3 Thy blood and righteouſneſs,
I make my only plea,
My preſent and eternal peace
Are both deriv'd from thee:
Rivers of life divine
From thee their fountain flow,
And all who know that love of thine,
The joy of angels know.

4 O then impute, impart
To me thy righteouſneſs,
And let me taſte how good thou art,
How full of truth and grace:

* *The firſt of the hymns on the great feſtivals.*

That thou canſt *here* forgive
I long to teſtify,
And juſtified by faith to live,
And in that faith to die.

HYMN II.

To—*Angels ſpeak, let men give ear.*

1 O How ſweet it is to languiſh
For our God,
'Till his blood
Eaſes all our anguiſh!
Bleſt we are in expectation
Of the bliſs,
Power and peace,
Pardon and ſalvation.

2 We ſhall ſoon enjoy the favour
(Now the hope
Lifts us up)
Of our loving ſaviour.
Confident, for God hath ſpoken,
'Till the grace
We embrace
Hold we faſt the token.

3 Tho' the world will not believe it,
Sure the word
Of our Lord,
All that aſk, receive it.
We ſhall live the life of heaven,
While below
We ſhall know
Here our ſins forgiven.

4 Tho' they call our hope deluſion,
Jeſus here,
Shall appear,
To our ſin's confuſion.

All the virtues of his paſſion
We ſhall ſhare,
And declare
In the new creation.

5 Jeſus ſhall impute his merit
Unto all
Thoſe that call
For his promis'd ſpirit:
Pour into our hearts the pardon,
Make us bud
By his blood,
As a wat'red garden.

6 O the ſoul-tranſporting pleaſure
Which we feel,
Waiting ſtill
For the heavenly treaſure!
O the joy of expectation!
Happy we
Soon ſhall ſee
All the Lord's ſalvation.

HYMN III.

Thankſgiving for the ſucceſs of the goſpel.

To—*Away with our fears.*

1 ALL thanks be to God
Who ſcatters abroad
Throughout every place,
By the leaſt of his ſervants his ſavour of grace!
Who the victory gave,
The praiſe let him have,
For the work he hath done,
All honour and glory to Jeſus alone.

2 Our conquering Lord
Hath proſper'd his word
Hath made it prevail,
And mightily ſhaken the kingdom of hell.

His arm he hath bar'd,
And a people prepar'd,
His glory to ſhew,
And witneſs the power of his paſſion below.

3 He hath open'd a door
To the penitent poor,
And reſcu'd from ſin,
And admitted the harlots and publicans in:
They have heard the glad ſound,
They have liberty found
Thro' the blood of the lamb,
And plentiful pardon in Jeſus's name.

4 The oppoſers admire
The hammer and fire,
Which all things o'ercomes,
And breaks the hard rocks, and the mountains conſumes.
With quiet amaze
They liſten and gaze,
And their weapons reſign,
Conſtrain'd to acknowledge—the work is divine!

5 And ſhall we not ſing
Our ſaviour and king?
Thy witneſſes, we
With rapture aſcribe our ſalvation to thee.
Thou Jeſus haſt bleſs'd,
And believers increas'd,
Who thankfully own
We are freely forgiven thro' mercy alone.

6 The ſpirit revives
His work in our lives,
His wonders of grace,
So mightily wrought in the primitive days.
O that all men might know
Thy tokens below,
Our ſaviour confeſs,
And embrace the glad tidings of pardon and peace!

7 Thou ſaviour of all,
Effectually call
The ſinners that ſtray;
And O let a nation be born in a day!
Thy ſign let them ſee,
And flow unto thee
For the oil and the wine,
For the bliſsful aſſurance of favour divine.

8 Our heatheniſh land
Beneath thy command
In mercy receive,
And make us a pattern to all that believe:
Then, then let it ſpread
Thy knowledge and dread,
'Till the earth is o'erflow'd,
And the univerſe fill'd with the glory of God.

HYMN IV.

The Invitation.

To—*Hearts of ſtone, relent, relent.*

1 WEARY ſouls, who wander wide
From the cent'ral point of bliſs,
Turn to Jeſus crucified,
Fly to thoſe dear wounds of his,
Sink into the purple flood,
Riſe into the life of God!

2 Find in Chriſt the way of peace,
Peace unſpeakable unknown:
By his pain, he gives you eaſe,
Life by his expiring groan,
Riſe exalted by his fall,
Find in Chriſt your all in all.

3 O believe the record true,
God to you his ſon hath given;
Ye may now be happy too,
Live on earth the life of heaven;

Live the life of heaven above,
All the life of glorious love.

4 This the univerſal bliſs,
Bliſs for every ſoul deſign'd,
God's orig'nal promiſe this,
God's great gift to all mankind;
Bleſt in Chriſt this moment be,
Bleſt to all eternity!

HYMN V.

To—*All ye that paſs by.*

1 COME, Lord, from above,
The mountains remove,
Overturn all that hinders the courſe of thy love.
My boſom inſpire,
Inkindle the fire,
And wrap my whole ſoul in the flames of deſire.

2 I languiſh and pine
For the comfort divine:
O when ſhall I ſay, my beloved is mine!
I have choſe the good part,
My portion thou art
O love, I have found thee, O God, in my heart.

3 For this my heart ſighs,
Nothing elſe can ſuffice:
How, Lord, can I purchaſe the pearl of great price?
It cannot be bought:
And thou know'ſt I have nought,
Not an Action, a Word, or a truly good thought.

4 But I hear a voice ſay,
Without money ye may
Receive it, whoever have nothing to pay:
Who on Jeſus relies,
Without money or price
The pearl of forgiveneſs and holineſs buys.

5 The bleſſing is free:
So, Lord, let it be;
I yield that thy love ſhould be given to me.
I freely receive
What thou freely doſt give,
And conſent in thy love, in thy *Eden* to live.

6 The gift I embrace,
The giver I praiſe,
And aſcribe my ſalvation to Jeſus's grace.
It comes from above,
The foretaſte I prove,
And I ſoon ſhall receive all thy fulneſs of love.

HYMN VI.

For a BELIEVER, in worldly buſineſs.

To—*Lamb of God, whoſe bleeding love.*

1 LO! I come with joy to do
The maſter's bleſſed will,
Him in outward works purſue,
And ſerve his pleaſure;
Faithful to my Lord's commands,
I ſtill would chuſe the better part,
Serve with careful *Martha*'s hands,
And humble *Mary*'s heart.

2 Careful, without care, I am,
Nor feel my happy toil,
Kept in peace by Jeſu's name,
Supported by his ſmile:
Joyful thus my faith to ſhew,
I find his ſervice my reward;
Every work I do below,
I do it to the Lord.

3 Thou, O Lord, in tender love
Doſt all my burthens bear,
Liſt my heart to things above,
And fix it ever there:

Calm on tumult's wheel I ſit,
'Midſt buſy multitudes alone,
Sweetly waiting at thy feet,
'Till all thy will be done.

4 To the deſart, or the cell,
Let others blindly fly,
In this evil world I dwell,
Unhurt, unſpotted, I:
Here I find an houſe of prayer,
To which I inwardly retire,
Walking unconcern'd in care,
And unconſum'd in fire.

5 Thou, Lord, my portion art
Before I hence remove,
Now my treaſure and my heart
Is all laid up above;
Far above theſe earthly things
(While yet my hands are here employ'd)
Sees my ſoul the king of kings,
And freely talks with God.

6 O that all the art might know,
Of living thus to thee!
Find their heaven begun below,
And here thy goodneſs ſee:
Walk in all the works prepar'd
By thee to exerciſe their grace,
'Till they gain their full reward,
And ſee thy glorious face.

HYMN VII.

To—*With pity, Lord, a ſinner ſee.*

1 WHAT would I have on earth beneath?
Pardon, and an early death:
Out of the vale of tears
I long on mercy's wings to fly,
To leave my ſins, and griefs, and fears,
To love my God, and die.

2 Jeſu, I cry for help to thee;
Thou haſt, Lord, the double key:
Open the gracious door,
And let me live with pardon bleſt,
And then obtain one bleſſing more,
And lay me down to reſt.

3 In love forbid my longer ſtay,
Beckon me from earth away,
Fulfil my heart's deſire,
And ſign my pardon'd ſoul's releaſe:
Now, now my pardon'd ſoul require,
And let me die in peace.

HYMN VIII.

To—*Rejoice the Lord is king.*

1 YE tempted ſouls, that feel
The great and ſore diſtreſs,
Waiting 'till Chriſt reveal
His joy, and love, and peace:
Lift up your heads, the ſigns appear,
Look up, and ſee your Saviour near!

2 Long have you heard and known
The wars that rage within,
And nature ſtill fights on,
And grace oppoſes ſin:
Lift up your heads, &c.

3 Thoſe ſtrong convulſive throes,
That ſhake your inmoſt frame,
Thoſe fears, and griefs, and woes,
His ſure approach proclaim:
Lift up your heads, &c.

4 Who pine for heavenly food,
As at the point to die,
Your aching want of God
Himſelf ſhall ſoon ſupply:
Lift up your heads, &c.

5 That plague of your own heart
Which poiſons all the race,
Shall ſuddenly depart,
Expell'd by ſovereign grace:
Lift up your heads, &c.

6 Ye now afflicted are,
And hated for his name,
And in your bodies bear,
The tokens of the lamb:
Lift up your heads, &c.

7 Who ſtumble at the croſs,
And vilely fall away,
Deſerters of the cauſe,
Your brethren you betray:
Lift up your heads, &c.

8 Lo! the falſe prophets riſe
To vilify the true,
The truth to ſcandalize,
And make a prey of you:
Lift up your heads, &c.

9 Iniquities increaſe,
And many are grown cold,
And, forfeiting their peace,
Have wand'red from the fold:
Lift up your heads, &c.

10 Who patiently endure
'Till all their trials end,
Are of ſalvation ſure,
And ſhall to heaven aſcend:
Lift up your heads, the ſigns appear,
Look up, and ſee your Saviour *here!*

HYMN IX.

To—Jeſus, *ſhew us thy ſalvation.*

1 LOVE divine, all loves excelling,
Joy of heaven to earth come down,
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown:
Jeſus, Thou art all compaſſion,
Pure unbounded love Thou art,
Viſit us with thy ſalvation,
Enter every trembling heart.

2 Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breaſt,
Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find that ſecond reſt:
Take away our *power* of ſinning,
Alpha and Omega be,
End of faith as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.

3 Come, Almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy life receive,
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more thy temples leave.
Thee we would be always bleſſing,
Serve Thee as thy hoſt above,
Pray, and praiſe Thee, without ceaſing,
Glory in thy perfect love.

4 Finiſh then thy new creation,
Pure and ſinleſs let us be,
Let us ſee thy great ſalvation,
Perfectly reſtor'd in Thee;
Chang'd from glory into glory
'Till in heaven we take our place,
'Till we caſt our crowns before Thee,
Loſt in wonder, love, and praiſe!

HYMN X.

To—*Happy* Magdalene.

1 COME, ye weary ſinners, come,
All who groan to bear your load,
Jeſus calls his wanderers home;
Haſten to your pard'ning God:
Come, ye guilty ſpirits oppreſt,
Anſwer to the Saviour's call,
"Come, and I will give you reſt,
"Come, and I will ſave you all."

2 Jeſus, full of truth and love,
We thy kindeſt word obey,
Faithful let thy mercies prove,
Take our load of guilt away:
Now the promis'd reſt beſtow,
Reſt from ſervitude ſevere,
Reſt from all our toil and woe,
Reſt from all our grief and fear.

3 Weary of this war within,
Weary of this endleſs ſtrife,
Weary of ourſelves and ſin,
Weary of a wretched life;
Fain we would on Thee rely,
Caſt on Thee our ſin and care,
To thy arms of mercy fly,
Find our laſting quiet there.

4 Burthen'd with a world of grief,
Burthen'd with our ſinful load,
Burthen'd with this unbelief,
Burthen'd with the wrath of God,
Lo! we come to Thee for eaſe,
True and gracious as Thou art,
Now our groaning ſoul releaſe,
Write forgiveneſs on our heart.

HYMN XI.

A Funeral Hymn.

To—*Hail the day that ſees Him riſe!*

1 GLORY be to God on high,
God in whom we live and die,
God who guides us by his love,
Takes us to his throne above!
Angels that ſurround his throne,
Sing the wonders He hath done,
Shout, while we on earth reply,
Glory be to God on high!

2 God of everlaſting grace,
Worthy, Thou of endleſs praiſe,
Thou haſt all thy bleſſings ſhed
On the living and the dead:
Thou waſt here their ſure defence,
Thou haſt borne their ſpirits hence,
Worthy Thou of endleſs praiſe,
God of everlaſting grace!

3 Thanks be all aſcrib'd to Thee,
Bleſſing, power, and majeſty,
Thee, by whoſe Almighty name
They their lateſt Foe o'ercame;
Thou the victory haſt won,
Sav'd them by thy grace alone,
Caught them up thy face to ſee,
Thanks be all aſcrib'd to Thee!

4 Happy in thy glorious love,
We ſhall from the vale remove,
Glad partakers of our hope,
We ſhall ſoon be taken up,
Meet again our heavenly friends,
Bleſt with bliſs that never ends,
Join'd to all thy hoſts above,
Happy in thy glorious love!

HYMN XII.

To—*Hail*, Jeſus, *hail*, *our great High-Prieſt.*

1 ARM of the Lord, awake for me!
Art Thou not *it* that ſmote the ſea,
And all its mighty waters dried?
Art Thou not *it* that quell'd the boaſt
Of haughty *Pharaoh*, and his hoſt,
And baffled all their furious pride?

2 Thou didſt th'outrageous dragon wound,
Thou haſt the horſe and rider drown'd,
Glorious and excellent in power;
While *Iſrael* march'd in firm array,
Triumphant thro' the wond'rous way,
Nor ſtumbled 'till they reached the ſhore.

3 Awake, as in the antient days:
See in our foes th' *Egyptian* race,
With hell's grim tyrant at their head:
Enrag'd at our eſcape he roars,
And follows us with all his powers,
Out of his iron furnace freed.

4 "I will purſue, I will o'ertake,
"I will my fugitives bring back,
"And ſatisfy my luſt of blood,
"Draw out my ſword of keeneſt lies,
"Pour a whole flood of perjuries,
"And make the rebels know their God."

5 Angel Divine, who ſtill art near,
Remove, and guard thy people's rear,
This day for thine own *Iſrael* fight;
O let the pillar interpoſe,
A cloud and darkneſs to our foes,
To us a flame of chearing light.

6 Hear us to Thee for ſuccour cry,
Nor let the hoſtile powers come nigh,
In all our night of doubts and fears;

They cannot force their way thro' Thee,
And Thou ſhalt our protection be,
'Till the glad morning light appears.

7 Look thro' the tutelary cloud,
In which Thou doſt our ſouls inſhroud,
And blaſt the aliens with thine eye,
Trouble the proud *Egyptian* hoſt,
Confound their vain preſumptuous boaſt
Who *Iſrael's* God in *us* defy.

8 Arreſt our fierce purſuers ſpeed,
Take off their chariot-wheels, with dread
And heavy wrath their ſpirits pain,
Extort the cry from every heart,
"Jehovah takes his people's part,
We fight againſt the Lord in vain."

HYMN XIII.

Te Deum.

To—*Sinners, rejoice, your peace is made.*

1 INFINITE God, to Thee we raiſe,
Our hearts in ſolemn ſongs of praiſe;
By all thy works on earth ador'd,
We worſhip Thee, the common Lord,
The everlaſting Father own,
And bow our ſouls before thy throne.

2 Thee all the choir of angels ſings,
The Lord of hoſts, the kings of kings!
Cherubs proclaim thy praiſe aloud,
And ſeraphs ſhout the triune God,
And holy, holy, holy, cry,
Thy glory fills both earth and ſky!

3 God of the patriarchal race,
The antient ſeers record thy praiſe,
The goodly apoſtolic band
In higheſt joy and glory ſtand,

And all the ſaints and prophets join
T' extol thy majeſty divine.

4 Head of the martyrs noble hoſt,
Of Thee they juſtly make their boaſt;
The church to earth's remoteſt bounds
Her heav'nly founder's praiſe reſounds,
And ſtrive with thoſe around the throne
To hymn the myſtic Three in One.

5 Father of endleſs majeſty,
All might and love they render Thee,
Thy true and only Son adore,
The ſame in dignity and power,
And God the Holy Ghoſt declare,
The ſaints eternal comforter.

6 Meſſiah! joy of every heart,
Thou, Thou the king of glory art!
The Father's everlaſting ſon!
Thee, Thee we moſt delight to own;
For all our hopes on Thee depend,
Whoſe glorious mercies never end.

7 Bent to redeem a ſinful race,
Thou, Lord, with unexampled grace
Into our lower world didſt come,
And ſtoop to a poor virgin's womb,
Whom all the heavens cannot contain,
Our God appear'd—a Child of man!

8 When Thou haſt render'd up thy breath,
And dying drawn the ſting of death,
Thou didſt from earth triumphant riſe,
And ope the portals of the ſkies,
That all who truſt in Thee alone
Might follow, and partake thy throne.

9 Seated at God's right hand again,
Thou doſt in all his glory reign,
Thou doſt, thy Father's image, ſhine
In all the attributes divine,

And Thou in vengeance clad ſhalt come
To ſeal our everlaſting doom.

10 Wherefore we now for mercy pray,
O Saviour, take our ſins away!
Before Thou as our Judge appear
In dreadful majeſty ſevere,
Appear our advocate with God,
And ſave the purchaſe of thy blood.

11 Hallow, and make thy ſervants meet,
And with thy ſaints in glory ſeat,
Suſtain, and bleſs us by thy ſway,
And keep to that tremendous day,
When all thy church ſhall chaunt above
The new eternal ſong of love.

12 Rejoicing now in glorious hope
That Thou at laſt wilt take us up,
With daily triumph we proclaim,
And bleſs, and magnify thy name,
And wait thy greatneſs to adore
When time and death ſhall be no more.

13 'Till then with us vouchſafe to ſtay,
And keep us pure from ſin to-day,
Thy great confirming grace beſtow,
And guard us all our days below,
And ever mightily defend,
And ſave, O ſave us to the end!

14 Still let us, Lord, with love be bleſt,
Who in thy guardian mercy reſt,
The weakeſt ſoul that truſts in Thee,
Extend thy mercy's arms to me,
And never let me looſe thy love,
'Till I, ev'n I, am crown'd above.

HYMN XIV.

To—Jeſus, *we hang upon the word.*

1 FATHER of Jeſus Chriſt, the juſt,
My friend and advocate with Thee,
Pity a ſoul, who fain would truſt
In Him, who liv'd and died for me:
But only Thou canſt make Him known,
And in my heart reveal thy Son.

2 If, drawn by thine alluring grace,
My want of living faith I feel,
Shew me in Chriſt thy ſmiling face;
What fleſh and blood can ne'er reveal,
Thy co-eternal Son diſplay,
And call my darkneſs into day.

3 The gift unſpeakable impart,
Command the light of faith to ſhine,
To ſhine in my dark drooping heart,
And fill me with the life divine:
Now bid the new creation be;
O God, let there be faith in me!

4 Thee without faith I cannot pleaſe:
Faith without Thee I cannot have:
But Thou haſt ſent the prince of peace
To ſeek my wand'ring ſoul, and ſ
O Father, glory thy ſon,
And ſave me for his ſake alone!

5 Save me thro' faith in Jeſu's blood,
That blood which He for all did ſhed:
For me, for me, Thou know'ſt it flow'd,
For me, for me, Thou hear'ſt it plead;
Aſſure me *now* my ſoul is Thine,
And all Thou art in Chriſt is mine!

HYMN XV.

To—Jeſus, *dear departed* Lord.

1 GOD of love, that hear'ſt the prayer,
Kindly for thy people care,
Who on Thee alone depend,
Save us, ſave us to the end!
Save us in the proſperous hour
From the flatt'ring tempter's power,
From his unſuſpected wiles,
From the world's pernicious ſmiles.

2 Cut off our dependance vain
On the help of feeble man,
Every arm of fleſh remove,
Stay us on thy only love,
Let us ſtill afflicted be,
Shelter'd in thy poverty,
Cover'd with thy ſacred ſhame,
Kept by thine almighty name.

3 Men of worldly low deſign,
Let not theſe thy people join,
Dare thy hallow'd ark ſuſtain,
Touch it with their hands prophane,
Saviour, compaſs us about,
Keep the rich and noble out,
'Till their all in heart they ſell,
'Till the worms their baſeneſs feel.

4 Men of dignity and power,
Let not them thy flock devour,
Poiſon our ſimplicity,
Drag us from our truſt in thee.
Save us from the great and wiſe,
'Till they ſink in their own eyes,
'Till they to thy yoke ſubmit,
Lay their honour at thy feet.

5 Never let the world break in,
Fix a mighty gulph between,
Keep us humble and unknown,
Priz'd and lov'd by God alone.
Let us ſtill to Thee look up,
Thee thy *Iſrael's* ſtrength and hope,
Nothing know or ſeek beſide
Jeſus, and him crucified.

6 Dignify'd with worth divine,
Let us in thine image ſhine,
High in heavenly places ſit,
See the moon beneath our feet.
Far above created things,
Look we down on earthly kings,
Taſte our glorious Liberty,
Find our happy all in thee.

HYMN XVI.

To—*Spirit of Truth deſcend.*

1 YE ſimple ſouls, that ſtray
Far from the path of peace,
(That unfrequented Way
To life and happineſs)
How long will ye your folly love,
And throng the downward road,
And hate the wiſdom from above,
And mock the ſons of God?

2 Madneſs and Miſery
Ye count our life beneath,
And nothing great can ſee
Or glorious in our death:
As born to ſuffer, and to grieve,
Beneath your feet we lie,
And utterly contemn'd we live,
And unlamented die.

3 Poor penſive ſojourners,
O'erwhelm'd with griefs and woes,
Perplex'd with needleſs fears,
And pleaſure's mortal foes;
More irkſome than a gaping tomb
Our ſight we cannot bear,
Wrapt in the melancholy gloom
Of fanciful deſpair.

4 So wretched and obſcure,
The men whom ye deſpiſe,
So fooliſh, weak, and poor,
Above your ſcorn we riſe:
Our conſcience in the Holy Ghoſt
Can witneſs better things;
For he, whoſe blood is all our boaſt,
Hath made us prieſts and kings.

5 Riches unſearchable
In Jeſu's love we know,
And pleaſures from the well
Of life, our ſouls o'erflow;
From him the ſpirit we receive
Of wiſdom, grace, and power,
And alway ſorrowful we live
Rejoicing evermore.

6 Angels our ſervants are,
And keep in all our ways,
And in their hands they bear
The ſacred ſons of grace;
Our guardians to that heavenly bliſs,
They all our ſteps attend,
And God himſelf our Father is,
And Jeſus is our friend.

7 With him we walk in white,
We in his image ſhine,
Our robes are robes of light,
Our righteouſneſs divine;
On all the grov'ling kings of earth,
With pity we look down,
And claim, in virtue of our birth,
A never-fading crown.

HYMN XVII.

For a Miniſter of Chriſt.

To—*Hail holy, holy, holy* Lord!

1 JESUS, my ſtrength and righteouſneſs,
My Saviour, and my King,
Triumphantly thy name I bleſs,
Thy conquering name I ſing.
Thou, Lord, haſt magnified thy name,
Thou haſt maintain'd thy cauſe,
And I enjoy the glorious ſhame,
The ſcandal of thy croſs.

2 Thou gaveſt me to ſpeak thy word
In the appointed hour,
I have proclaim'd my dying Lord,
And felt thy Spirit's power;
Superior to my foes I ſtood,
Above their ſmile or frown,
On all the ſtrangers to thy blood
With pitying love look down.

3 O let me have thy preſence ſtill,
Set as a flint my face,
To ſhew the counſel of thy will,
Which ſaves a world by Grace.
O let me never bluſh to own
The glorious goſpel-word,
Which ſaves a world thro' faith alone,
Faith in a bleeding Lord!

4 This is the ſaving power of God:
Who'ere this word receive,
Feel all th' effects of Jeſu's blood,
And *ſenſibly* believe,
Sav'd from the guilt and power of ſin
By inſtantaneous grace,
They truſt to have thy *Life brought in*,
And *always* ſee thy face.

5 The pure in heart thy face ſhall ſee
Before they hence remove,
Redeem'd from all iniquity,
And perfected in love,
This is the great ſalvation; this
The prize at which we aim,
The end of faith, the hidden bliſs,
The new myſterious name.

6 The name inſcrib'd in the white ſtone,
The unbeginning word,
The myſtery ſo long unknown,
The ſecret of the Lord;
The living bread ſent down from heaven
The ſaints and angels food,
Th' immortal ſeed, the little leaven,
The effluence of God!

7 The tree of life, that blooms and grows
I'th' midſt of paradiſe,
The pure and living ſtream, that flows
Back to its native ſkies:
The Spirit's law, the cov'nant ſeal,
Th' eternal righteouſneſs,
The glorious joy unſpeakable,
Th' unutterable peace!

8 The treaſure of the goſpel-field,
The wiſdom from above,
Hid from the wiſe, to babes reveal'd,
The precious pearl of love;
The myſtic power of godlineſs,
The end of death and ſin,
The antepaſt of heavenly bliſs,
The kingdom fixt within.

9 The morning-ſtar, that glittering bright,
Shines to the perfect day,
The ſun of righteouſneſs—the light,
The life, the truth, the way:
The image of the living God,
His nature, and his mind,
Himſelf He hath on us beſtow'd,
And all in Chriſt we find.

HYMN XVIII.

PROV. iii. 18, &c.

To—*Sinners, obey the gospel-word.*

1 HAPPY the man who finds the grace,
The blessing of God's chosen race,
The wisdom coming from above,
The faith that sweetly works by love.

2 Happy beyond description he,
Who knows, *the Saviour died for me,*
The gift unspeakable obtains,
And heavenly understanding gains.

3 Wisdom divine! who tells the price
Of wisdom's costly merchandize?
Wisdom to silver we prefer,
And gold is dross, compar'd to her.

4 Better she is than richest mines,
All earthly treasures she outshines,
Her value above rubies is,
And precious pearls are vile to this.

5 Whate'er thy heart can wish is poor
To wisdom's all-sufficient store:
Pleasure, and fame, and health, and friends,
She all created good transcends.

6 Her hands are fill'd with length of days,
True riches, and immortal praise,
Riches of Christ on all bestow'd,
And honour, that descends from God.

7 To purest joys she all invites,
Chaste, holy, spiritual delights;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her flowery paths are peace.

8 He finds, who wiſdom apprehends,
A life begun that never ends,
The tree of life divine ſhe is,
Set in the midſt of paradiſe.

9 Happy the man who wiſdom gains,
Thrice happy who his gueſt retains,
He owns, and ſhall for ever own
Wiſdom, and Chriſt, and heaven are one.

HYMN XIX.

To—*O Love Divine, how ſweet Thou art!*

1 THOU great myſterious God unknown,
Whoſe love hath gently led me on
Ev'n from my infant days,
Mine inmoſt ſoul expoſe to view,
And tell me if I never knew
Thy juſtifying grace.

2 If I have only known thy fear,
And follow'd, with an heart ſincere,
Thy drawings from above,
Now, now the farther grace beſtow,
And let my ſprinkled conſcience know,
Thy ſweet forgiving love.

3 Short of thy love I would not ſtop,
A ſtranger to the goſpel-hope,
The ſenſe of ſin forgiven,
I would not, Lord, my ſoul deceive,
Without thy inward witneſs live,
That antepaſt of heaven.

4 If now the witneſs were in me,
Would He not teſtify of Thee
In Jeſus reconcil'd?
And ſhould I not with faith draw nigh,
And boldly Abba Father cry,
I know myſelf thy child?

5 Ah never let thy *ſervant* reſt,
'Till of my part in Chriſt poſſeſt
I on thy mercy feed,
Unworthy of the crumbs that fall,
Yet rais'd by Him who died for all
To eat the children's bread.

6 O may I caſt my rags aſide,
My filthy rags of virtuous pride,
And for acceptance groan;
My works of righteouſneſs diſclaim,
With all I have, or can, or am,
And truſt in grace alone.

7 Whate'er obſtructs thy pard'ning love,
Or ſin, or righteouſneſs, remove,
Thy glory to diſplay,
Mine heart of unbelief convince,
And now abſolve me from my ſins,
And take them all away.

8 Father, in me reveal thy Son,
And to my inmoſt ſoul make known
How merciful Thou art;
The ſecret of thy love reveal,
And by thine hallowing Spirit dwell
For ever in my heart.

HYMN XX.

Written after a deliverance in a tumult.

To—*Head of the Church triumphant.*

1 WORSHIP, and thanks, and bleſſing,
And ſtrength aſcribe to Jeſus!
Jeſus alone
Defends his own,
When earth and hell oppreſs us.
Jeſus with joy we witneſs,
Almighty to deliver,
Our ſeal ſet to
That God is true,
And reigns a King for ever.

2 Omnipotent Redeemer,
Our ranſom'd ſouls adore Thee,
Our Saviour Thou,
We find it now,
And give Thee all the glory.
We ſing thine Arm unſhort'ned,
Brought thro' our ſore temptation,
With heart and voice
In Thee rejoice,
The God of our ſalvation.

3 Thine arm hath ſafely brought us
A way no more expected,
Than when thy Sheep
Paſs'd thro' the deep,
By chryſtal walls protected.
Thy glory was our rereward,
Thine hand our lives did cover,
And we, ev'n we
Have walk'd the ſea,
And march'd triumphant over.

4 Thy works we now acknowledge
Thy wond'rous loving-kindneſs,
Which help'd thine own
By means unknown,
And ſmote our foes with blindneſs:
By *Satan*'s hoſt ſurrounded
Thou didſt with patience arm us,
But would not give
The *Syrians* leave,
Or *Sodom*'s ſons to harm us.

5 Safe as devoted *Peter*
Betwixt the ſoldiers ſleeping,
Like ſheep we lay
To wolves a prey,
Yet ſtill in Jeſu's keeping,

Thou from th' infernal *Herod*,
And *Jewish* expectation,
Haſt ſet us free:
All praiſe to Thee,
O God of our ſalvation!

6 The world and *Satan*'s malice
Thou, Jeſus, haſt confounded,
And by thy grace
With ſongs of Praiſe
Our happy ſouls reſounded.
Accepting our deliverance,
We triumph in thy favour,
And for the love
Which now we prove,
Shall praiſe thy name for ever.

HYMN XXI.

To—*Ye ſervants of* God,

1 YE heavens rejoice In Jeſus's grace,
Let earth make a noiſe And echo his praiſe!
Our all-loving Saviour Hath pacified God,
And paid for his favour The price of his blood.

2 Ye mountains and vales In praiſes abound,
Ye hills and ye dales Continue the ſound,
Break forth into ſinging Ye trees of the wood,
For Jeſus is bringing Loſt ſinners to God.

3 Atonement he made For every one,
The debt he hath paid, The work he hath done,
Shout all the creation, Below and above,
Aſcribing ſalvation To Jeſus's love.

4 His mercy hath brought Salvation to all,
Who take it unbought He frees them from thrall,
Throughout the believer his glory diſplays,
And perfects for ever The veſſels of grace.

HYMN XXII.

At lying down.

To—*Ah lovely appearance of death.*

1 AND can I in ſorrow lay down
My weary and languiſhing head,
Nor think on the ſouls that are gone,
Nor envy the peaceable dead!
The peaceable dead are ſet free,
The good which I covet they have,
An end of their ſorrows they ſee,
And bury their cares in the grave.

2 Their ſouls are impaſſive above,
And nothing of mortals they know,
Unleſs on an errand of love
They viſit a mourner below;
With pity angelical view
A ſpirit impriſon'd in pain,
And long for his happineſs too,
And wait for his burſting the chain.

3 Ye ſouls of the righteous appear,
If any are waiting around,
To look on a ſpectacle here,
In iron and miſery bound;
Survey the ſad children of men,
The purchaſe of mercy divine,
And ſay, if ye ever have ſeen
A ſoul ſo afflicted as mine.

4 When will the affliction be o'er,
When will the fierce agony ceaſe!
With thoſe that are gathered before
I preſs to the haven of peace:
I would as a ſhadow remove,
And ſuddenly vaniſh away,
Eſcape to the ſpirits above,
Aſcend to the regions of day!

HYMN XXIII.

To—*'Tis finiſh'd, 'tis done!*

1 REJOICE evermore With angel's above,
In Jeſus's power, in Jeſus's love,
With glad exultation Your triumph proclaim,
Aſcribing ſalvation To God and the Lamb.

2 Thou, Lord, our relief In trouble haſt been,
Haſt ſav'd us from grief, Haſt ſav'd us from ſin,
The power of thy Spirit Hath ſet our hearts free,
And now we inherit All fulneſs in Thee.

3 All fulneſs of peace, All fulneſs of joy,
And ſpiritual bliſs That never ſhall cloy;
To us it is given In Jeſus to know
A kingdom of heaven, an heaven below.

4 No longer we join While ſinners invite,
Or envy the ſwine Their brutiſh delight:
Their joy is all ſadneſs, Their mirth is all vain,
Their laughter is madneſs, Their pleaſure is pain.

5 O might they at laſt With ſorrow return,
The pleaſures to taſte For which they were born,
Our Jeſus receiving, Our happineſs prove,
The joy of believing, The heaven of love.

HYMN XXIV.

To—*Thanks be to* God *alone.*

1 O Lamb of God, to Thee
In deep diſtreſs I flee,
Thou didſt purge my guilty ſtain,
Didſt for all atonement make;
Take away my ſins and pain,
Save me for thy mercy's ſake.

Thy mercy is my prop,
And bears my weakneſs up;
Full of evil as I am,
Fuller Thou of pard'ning grace,
Jeſus is thy healing name,
Saviour of the ſinful race.

3 For thine own ſake, I pray,
Take all my ſins away:
Other refuge have I none,
None do I deſire beſide;
Thou haſt died for all t'atone,
Thou for me, for me haſt died.

4 Haſt died that I might live,
Might all thy life receive;
Haſten, Lord, my heart prepare,
Bring thy death and ſuffering in,
Tear away my idols, tear,
Save me, ſave me from my ſin.

5 O bid it all depart,
This unbelief of heart,
All my mountain-ſins remove
Wrath, concupiſcence, and pride,
Caſt them out by perfect love,
Save me, who for me haſt died.

6 This, this is all my plea,
Thy blood was ſhed for me,
Shed, to waſh my conſcience clean,
Shed, to purify my heart,
Shed, to purge me from all ſin,
Shed, to make me as Thou art.

7 O that the cleanſing tide
Were now, ev'n now applied;
Plunge me in the crimſon flood,
Drown my ſins in the *Red-Sea*,
Bring me now, ev'n now to God,
Swallow up my ſoul in Thee!

HYMN XXV.

The Musician's.

1 THOU God of harmony and love,
Whose name transports the saints above
And lulls the ravish'd spheres,
On Thee in feeble strains I call,
And mix my humble voice with all,
The heavenly choristers.

2 If well I know the tuneful art
To captivate an human heart,
The glory, Lord, be Thine:
A servant of thy blessed will,
I here devote my utmost skill
To sound the praise divine.

3 With *Tubal*'s wretched sons no more
I prostitute my sacred power,
To please the fiends beneath,
Or modulate the wanton lay,
Or smooth with music's hand the way
To everlasting death.

4 Suffice for this the season past:
I come, great God, to learn at last
The lesson of thy grace.
Teach me the new, the gospel song,
And let my hand, my heart, my tongue
Move only to thy praise.

5 Thine own musician, Lord, inspire,
And let my consecrated lyre
Repeat the psalmist's part:
His son and thine reveal in me,
And fill with sacred melody
The fibres of my heart.

6 So shall I charm the list'ning throng,
And draw the living stones along,
By Jesu's tuneful name:

The living ſtones ſhall dance, ſhall riſe,
And form a city in the ſkies
The *New Jeruſalem!*

7 O might I with thy ſaints aſpire,
The meaneſt of that dazzling choir,
Who chaunt thy praiſe above,
Mixt with the bright muſician-band,
May I an heavenly harper ſtand,
And ſing the ſong of love.

8 What extacy of bliſs is there,
While all th' angelic concert ſhare
And drink the floating joys!
What more than extacy, when all
Struck to the golden pavement fall
At Jeſu's glorious voice!

9 Jeſus! the heaven of heaven he is,
The ſoul of harmony and bliſs;
And while on him we gaze,
And while his glorious voice we hear,
Our ſpirits are all eye, all ear,
And ſilence ſpeaks his praiſe.

10 O might I die that awe to prove,
That proſtrate awe which dares not move
Before the great Three-One,
To ſhout by turns the burſting joy,
And all eternity employ
In ſongs around the throne.

HYMN XXVI.

On the Death of a Child.

1 AND is the lovely ſhadow fled,
The blooming wonder of her years!
So ſoon inſhtin'd among the dead
She juſtly claims our pious tears,
Who to thoſe heavenly ſpirits join'd,
Hath left a wretched world behind.

2 Her early ſhort-liv'd excellence
With meek ſubmiſſion we bemoan,
Snatch'd in a fatal moment hence,
Gone from our arms, to Jeſus gone,
To heighten by her ſwift remove
The grief below and joy above.

3 In vain the dear departing ſaint
Forbids our guſhing tears to flow,
"Forbear, my friends, your fond complaint,
From earth to heaven I gladly go,
To glorious company above,
Bright angels, and the God of love.

4 O praiſe him, and rejoice for me
So happy, happy in my God!
So ſoon from all my pain ſet free,
And haſten to that bleſt abode,
With ſwift deſire my ſteps purſue,
And take the prize prepar'd for you.

5 Meet am I for the great reward,
The great reward I know is mine,
Come, O my ſweet redeeming Lord,
Open thoſe loving arms of thine,
And take me up thy face to ſee,
And let me die to live with Thee."

6 The prayer is ſeal'd, the ſoul is fled,
And ſees her Saviour face to face:
But ſtill ſhe ſpeaks to us tho' dead,
She calls us to that heavenly place,
Where all the ſtorms of life are o'er,
And pain and parting is no more.

HYMN XXVII.

To—*Ah woe is me, conſtrain'd to dwell.*

1 THOU hidden God, for whom I groan,
'Till Thou thyſelf declare,
God inacceſſible, unknown,
Regard a ſinner's prayer;

A ſinner welt'ring in his blood,
Unpurg'd and unforgiven,
Far diſtant from the living God,
As far as hell from heaven.

2 An unregenerate child of man
On Thee for faith I call,
Pity thy fallen creature's pain,
And raiſe me from my fall.
The darkneſs which thro' Thee I feel
Thou only canſt remove,
Thine own eternal power reveal,
The Deity of love.

3 Thou haſt in unbelief ſhut up,
That grace may let me go:
In hope believing againſt hope,
I wait the truth to know.
Thou wilt in me reveal thy name,
Thou wilt thy light afford:
Bound, and oppreſt, yet Thine I am,
The pris'ner of the Lord.

4 I would not to thy foe ſubmit,
But hate the tyrant's chain:
Send forth the priſoner from the pit,
Nor let me cry in vain:
Shew me the blood that bought my peace,
The cov'nant-blood apply,
And all my griefs at once ſhall ceaſe,
And all my ſins ſhall die.

5 Now, Lord, if Thou art power, deſcend,
The mountain-ſin remove,
My unbelief and troubles end,
If Thou art truth and love:
Speak, Jeſu, ſpeak into my heart
What Thou for me haſt done,
One grain of living faith impart,
And God is all my own.

HYMN XXVIII.

To—*Faint is my head, and ſick my heart.*

1 JESU, as taught by Thee, I pray,
Preſerve me 'till I ſee thy light;
Still let me for thy coming ſtay,
Stop a poor wavering ſinner's flight,
'Till Thou my full Redeemer art,
O keep, in mercy keep my heart.

2 Keep, 'till this *Jewiſh* ſtate is paſt,
This wintry ſtate of doubts and fears:
Expos'd to paſſion's fierceſt blaſt,
With horrors chill'd and drown'd in tears,
Bound up in ſin and grief I mourn,
And languiſh for the ſpring's return.

3 O might I hear the turtle's voice,
The cooing of thy gentle Dove,
The call that bids my heart rejoice,
"Ariſe, and come away my love,
"The ſtorm is gone, the winter's o'er,
"Ariſe, for thou ſhalt weep no more."

4 When ſhall this ſhadowy ſabbath end,
This tedious length of legal woe?
O would my Lord the ſubſtance ſend!
O might I now his riſing know!
Come, Lord, and chaſe the clouds away,
And bring thine own auſpicious day.

5 Give me to bow with Thee, my head,
And ſink into thy ſilent grave,
To reſt among the quiet dead,
'Till Thou diſplay thy power to ſave,
Thy reſurrection's power exert,
And riſe triumphant in my heart.

HYMN XXIX.

To—*Saviour, the World's and mine.*

1 OUT of the deep I cry,
Juſt at the point to die,
Haſt'ning to infernal pain,
Jeſus, Lord, I cry to Thee,
Help a feeble child of man,
Shew forth all thy power in me.

2 On Thee I ever call,
Saviour, and friend of all:
Well Thou know'ſt my deſp'rate caſe,
Thou my curſe of ſin remove,
Save me by thy richeſt grace,
Save me by thy pard'ning love.

3 How ſhall a ſinner find
The Saviour of mankind!
Canſt Thou not accept my prayer,
Not beſtow the grace I claim?
Where are thy old mercies, where
All the powers of Jeſu's name?

4 What ſhall I ſay to move
The bowels of thy love?
Are they not already ſtirr'd!
Have I in thy death no part?
Aſk thy own compaſſions, Lord,
Aſk the yearnings of thy heart!

5 I will not let Thee go,
'Till I thy mercy know:
Let me hear the welcome ſound,
Speak, if ſtill Thou canſt forgive,
Speak, and let the loſt be found,
Speak, and let the dying live.

6 Thy love is all my plea,
Thy paſſion ſpeaks for me:

By thy pangs, and bloody ſweat,
By thy depth of grief unknown,
Save me gaſping at thy feet,
Save, O ſave thy ranſom'd one!

7 What haſt Thou done for me?
O think on *Calvary!*
By thy mortal groans and ſighs,
By thy precious death I pray,
Hear my dying ſpirit's cries,
Take, O take my ſins away!

HYMN XXX.

To—*Miniſterial Spirits, come.*

1 WEARY world, when will it end,
Deſtin'd to the purging fire!
Fain I would to heaven aſcend;
Thitherward I ſtill aſpire:
Saviour, this is not my place,
Let me die to ſee thy face.

2 O cut ſhort the work in me,
Make a ſpeedy end of ſin,
Set my heart at liberty,
Bring the heavenly nature in,
Seal me to redemption's day,
Bear my new-born ſoul away.

3 For this only thing I wait,
This for which I here was born,
Raiſe me to my firſt eſtate,
Bid me to thy arms return,
Let me to thine image riſe,
Give me back my paradiſe.

4 For thine only love I pant,
God of love thyſelf reveal,
Love, Thou know'ſt, is all I want,
Now my only want fulfil,
Anſwer now thy Spirit's cry,
Let me love my God, and die.

HYMN XXXI.

For the Outcasts of Israel.

1 SHEPHERD of souls, with pitying eye
The thousands of our *Israel* see:
To Thee in their behalf we fly,
Ourselves but newly found in Thee.

2 See, where o'er desart wastes they err,
And neither food nor feeder have,
Nor fold, nor place of refuge near,
For no man cares their souls to save.

3 Wild as the untaught *Indian*'s brood,
The *Christian Savages* remain,
Strangers and enemies to God,
They make Thee spend thy blood in vain.

4 Thy people, Lord, are sold for nought,
Nor know they their Redeemer nigh:
They perish whom thyself hast bought,
Their souls for lack of knowledge die.

5 The pit its mouth hath open'd wide,
To swallow up its careless prey:
Why should they die, when thou hast died,
Hast died to bear their sins away?

6 Why should the foe thy purchase seize?
Remember, Lord, thy dying groans:
The meed of all thy sufferings these,
O claim them for thy ransom'd ones!

7 Extend to these thy pard'ning grace,
To these by thy salvation shew'd,
O add them to thy chosen race!
O sprinkle all their hearts with blood!

8 Still let the publicans draw near,
Open the door of faith and heaven,
And grant their hearts thy word to hear,
And whisper all their sins forgiven.

HYMN XXXII.

At Meeting of Friends.

To—*When all thy Mercies, O my* God.

1 ALL praiſe to our redeeming Lord,
Who joins us by his grace,
And bids us, each to each reſtor'd,
Together ſeek his face.
He bids us build each other up,
And gather'd into one,
To our high calling's glorious hope
We hand in hand go on.

2 The gift which he on one beſtows,
We all delight to prove,
The grace thro' every veſſel flows
In pureſt ſtreams of love.
Ev'n now we ſpeak, and think the ſame,
And cordially agree,
Concentred all thro' Jeſu's name
In perfect harmony.

3 We all partake the joy of one,
The common peace we feel,
A peace to ſenſual minds unknown,
A joy unſpeakable,
And if our fellowſhip below,
In Jeſus be ſo ſweet,
What height of rapture ſhall we know
When round his throne we meet!

HYMN XXXIII.

Thanksgiving.

To—*Praiſe the* Lord, *who reigns above.*

1 PRAISE the Lord, ye bleſſed ones,
Your glorious Lord, and ours,
Principalities and thrones,
And all the heavenly powers;

Angels, that in ſtrength excel,
Here your utmoſt ſtrength employ,
Let your raviſh'd ſpirit ſwell
With endleſs praiſe and joy.

2 Worms of earth on God we call,
And challenge you to ſing,
Sing the ſovereign Cauſe of all,
The univerſal King;
While eternal ages laſt,
The tranſporting theme repeat,
Shout, and gaze, and fall, and caſt
Your crowns before his ſeat.

3 There with you we truſt to lie,
With you to riſe again,
Neareſt him that rules the ſky,
And foremoſt of his train:
We ſhall lead the heavenly choir,
We ſhall give the key to you,
Singing to our golden lyre,
The ſong for ever new.

HYMN XXXIV.

To the TRINITY.

To—*Soldiers of* Chriſt, *ariſe.*

1 FATHER, in whom we live,
In whom we are, and move,
The glory, power, and praiſe receive
Of thy creating love:
Let all the angel-throng
Give thanks to God on high,
While earth repeats the joyful ſong,
And ecchoes to the ſky.

2 Incarnate deity,
Let all the ranſom'd race
Render in thanks their lives to Thee
For thy redeeming grace:

The grace to ſinners ſhew'd
Ye heavenly choirs proclaim,
And cry ſalvation to our God,
Salvation to the Lamb!

3 Spirit of holineſs,
Let all thy ſaints adore
Thy ſacred energy, and bleſs
Thine heart-renewing power:
Not angel-tongues can tell
Thy love's extatic height,
The glorious joy unſpeakable,
The beatific ſight!

4 Eternal tri-une Lord,
Let all the hoſts above,
Let all the ſons of men record,
And dwell upon thy love:
When heaven and earth are fled
Before thy glorious face,
Sing all the ſaints thy love hath made,
Thine everlaſting praiſe!

HYMN XXXV.

To—*Father of everlaſting love.*

1 BLeſſing, and praiſe, and thanks, and love,
To God, who draws us from above,
And ſtirs us up to ſeek his face!
For what Thou haſt already done,
Father, we bleſs thy name alone,
And look to taſte thy pardoning grace:

We, who among the fleſh-pots lay,
The dawning of a goſpel-day
Have ſeen, and riſe to meet our God;
Our God hath heard his people's groans,
Hath out of *Egypt* call'd his ſons,
And lo! we wait to paſs the flood.

2 Priſoners of hope, we meekly ſtand,
To ſee the wonders of thy hand,
The ſaving power divine to ſee:
Father, 'till Thou our pardon ſeal,
'Till Thou in us thy Son reveal,
Our eyes, our hearts are all to Thee.

O that the blood were now applied!
O that into the crimſon tide
Our ſins might ſink, and riſe no more!
Now, Lord, thy pard'ning mercy ſhew,
And bring thy ranſom'd people thro',
And land us on our heavenly ſhore.

HYMN XXXVI.

To—*All thanks to the Lamb.*

1 MY Jeſus, my hope, When will He appear,
A ſoul to lift up, That waits for Him here,
In much tribulation, In trouble's exceſs,
In height of temptation, And depth of diſtreſs!

2 O when ſhall I ſee An end of my pain,
And triumph in Thee, My Saviour, again?
Lord, haſten the hour, Thy kingdom bring in,
And give me the power To live without ſin.

3 O Jeſus, Thou know'ſt My ſorrowful load,
And ſeeſt that my truſt Is all in thy blood:
Thou wilt have compaſſion, My burthen remove,
Thy name is Salvation, Thy nature is love.

4 Thy nature and name My portion ſhall be,
Who humbly lay claim To all things in Thee,
The days of my mourning, And painful diſtreſs,
Shall at thy returning eternally ceaſe.

HYMN XXXVII.

To—*Thou Man of Griefs, I fain would be.*

1 HELP, Jesus, help against my foe,
Pity on thy captive shew
Intangled in the snare,
The hellish snare of sin I lie;
O cast not out my plaintive prayer,
But save me, or I die.

2 With all my soul I seek thy face;
Give me thy restoring grace;
Mine agony of fear,
And guilt, and shame, and sorrow end;
Appear, my Advocate appear,
And shew Thyself my friend.

3 O might I feel thy blood applied,
Nothing would I ask beside:
Thine only love be given,
I every other good resign,
Of all Thou hast in earth or heaven,
Let love alone be mine!

HYMN XXXVIII.

THANKSGIVING.

To—*Join all ye joyful Nations.*

1 JESUS, take all the glory!
Thy meritorious passion
The pardon bought,
Thy mercy brought
To us the great salvation.
Thee gladly we acknowledge,
Our only Lord and Saviour,
Thy name confess,
Thy goodness bless,
And triumph in thy favour.

2 With angels, and archangels,
We proſtrate fall before Thee:
Again we raiſe
Our ſouls in praiſe,
And thankfully adore Thee.
Honour, and power, and bleſſing,
To Thee be ever given,
By all who know
Thy love below,
And all our friends in heaven.

HYMN XXXIX.

Before PRIVATE PRAYER.

To—*Why ſhould the Children of a King.*

1 FATHER of Jeſus Chriſt, my Lord,
I humbly ſeek thy face,
Encourag'd by the Saviour's word
To aſk thy pard'ning grace.

2 Ent'ring into my cloſet, I
The buſy world exclude,
In ſecret prayer for mercy cry,
And groan to be renew'd.

3 Far from the paths of men, to Thee
I ſolemnly retire;
See Thou, who doſt in ſecret ſee,
And grant my heart's deſire.

4 Thy grace I languiſh to receive,
The Spirit of love and power
Blameleſs before thy face to live,
To live, and ſin no more.

5 Fain would I all thy goodneſs feel,
And know my ſins forgiven,
And do on earth thy perfect will,
As angels do in heaven.

6 O Father, glory thy Son,
And grant what I require,
For Jeſus's ſake the gift ſend down,
And anſwer me by fire.

7 Kindle the flame of love within,
Which may to heaven aſcend,
And now the work of grace begin,
Which ſhall in glory end.

HYMN XL.

To—*The* Lord *my paſture ſhall prepare.*

1 O Wond'rous power of faithful prayer,
What tongue can tell th' Almighty grace,
God's Hands or bound or open are,
As *Moſes* or *Elias* prays:
Let *Moſes* in the ſpirit groan,
And God cries out, "*Let me alone!*

2 "Let me alone,—that all my wrath
"May riſe, the wicked to conſume:
"While juſtice hears thy praying faith
"It cannot ſeal the rebel's doom,
"My Son is in my ſervant's prayer,
"And Jeſus forces Me to ſpare."

3 O bleſſed words of goſpel-grace,
Which now we for our *Iſrael* plead;
A faithleſs and backſliding race,
Whom Thou haſt out of *Egypt* freed:
O do not then in wrath chaſtiſe,
Nor let thy whole diſpleaſure riſe.

4 Father, we aſk in Jeſu's name,
In Jeſu's power and ſpirit pray,
Divert thy vengeful thunder's aim
O turn thy threat'ning wrath away,
Our guilt and puniſhment remove,
And magnify thy pard'ning love.

5 Or if thy hand be lifted up,
Now let it on thy rebels fall,
Unleſs the yearning bowels ſtop
The ſtroke, and Jeſus prays for all.
Unleſs Thou hear'ſt his ſpirit groan
Who will not let thy wrath alone.

6 Doſt Thou not ſee our lab'ring heart
Big with unutterable prayer?
Thou ſhalt, Thou muſt thy wrath avert,
And ſpare whom Jeſus bids Thee ſpare.
His death demands that we ſhouſd live,
And ſtill the Victim gaſps, Forgive!

7 He cries, and weeps, and groans, and bleeds,
As for our ſins *this moment* ſlain,
The blood of ſprinkling ſpeaks, and pleads,
And lo! we ſhare his mortal pain!
Our cries are mingled with his cries,
Our tears guſh out at Jeſu's eyes.

8 Father regard thy pleading Son,
Accept his all-availing prayer,
And ſend the peaceful anſwer down
In honour of our ſpokeſman there,
Whoſe blood proclaims our ſins forgiven,
And ſpeak thy rebels up to heaven.

HYMN XLI.

The Traveller.

To—*Oft have we paſs'd the guilty night.*

1 LEADER of faithful ſouls, and guide
Of all that travel to the ſky,
Come, and with us, ev'n us abide,
Who would on Thee alone rely,
On Thee alone our ſpirit ſtay,
While held in life's uneven way.

2 Strangers and pilgrims here below,
This earth we know, is not our place:
And haſten thro' the vale of woe,
And reſtleſs to behold thy face,
Swift to our heavenly country move,
Our everlaſting home above.

3 We have no 'biding city here,
But ſeek a city out of ſight:
Thither our ſteady courſe we ſteer,
Aſpiring to the plains of light,
Jeruſalem, the ſaints abode,
Whoſe founder is the living God.

4 Patient th' appointed race to run,
This weary world we caſt behind,
From ſtrength to ſtrength we travel on,
The *New Jeruſalem* to find,
Our labour this, our only aim,
To find the *New Jeruſalem*.

5 Thither in all our thoughts we tend,
And ſtill with longing eyes look up
Our hearts and prayers before us ſend,
Our ready ſcouts of faith and hope,
Who brings us news of *Sion* near,
We ſoon ſhall ſee the towers appear.

6 Thro' Thee, who all our ſins haſt borne,
Freely and graciouſly forgiven,
With ſongs to *Sion* we return,
Contending for our native heaven,
That palace of our glorious king,
We find it nearer while we ſing.

7 Ev'n now we taſte the pleaſures there,
A cloud of ſpicy odours comes,
Soft wafted by the balmy air,
Sweeter than *Araby*'s perfumes:
From *Sion*'s top the breezes blow,
And chear us in the vale below.

5 Rais'd by the breath of love divine,
We urge our way with ſtrength renew'd,
The church of the firſt-born to join,
We travel to the mount of God,
With joy upon our heads ariſe,
And meet our captain in the ſkies.

HYMN XLII.

To—*O Love Divine, what haſt Thou done.*

1 O Thou, whoſe Spirit hath made known
My want of living faith divine,
Hear thy poor mournful captive groan,
Now in my nature's darkneſs ſhine,
Now in mine inmoſt ſoul diſplay
The glorious blaze of goſpel-day.

2 A ſtranger to thy people's joys,
An alien from the life of grace,
I never heard thy pard'ning voice,
I never ſaw thy ſmiling face,
I never felt thy blood applied,
Or knew for *me* the Saviour died.

3 Or if I did begin to taſte
The ſweetneſs of redeeming love,
The momentary bliſs is paſt,
The tender joy no more I prove,
My faith is loſt, my power is gone,
I ſin, and Jeſus have not known.

4 But wilt Thou not at laſt appear,
Object of all my wiſhful hope,
The conſcious unbeliever chear,
And raiſe the fallen ſinner up,
The God revealing Spirit give,
And kindly help me to believe?

5 Thou only doſt the Godhead know,
Thou only canſt to man reveal,
To me, to me the Father ſhew,
To me, to me the ſecret tell,
Now, Saviour, now the veil remove,
And tell my heart that God is love.

6 O never ſuffer me to reſt,
'Till I the reſt of love obtain:
With trouble fill my lab'ring breaſt,
My aching heart with grief and pain,
And give me ſtill to weep and grieve,
'Till Thou haſt ſore'd me to believe.

7 This, only this do I require,
Always to feel the load I bear;
In veh'mence of extreme deſire,
To groan the Spirit's ſpeechleſs prayer,
And cry, I will not, will not reſt,
'Till Jeſus hath pronounc'd me bleſt.

8 I will not let my ſorrow go,
'Till Jeſus wipes away my tears,
Kindly extorts the ſtubborn woe,
And laſtingly his mourner chears:
Conſtrain'd to cry by love divine,
My God, Thou art for ever mine!

HYMN XLIII.

To—*O Thou, to whom in Fleſh reveal'd.*

1 WHAT ſhall I do my God to love,
My God, who lov'd, and died for me?
Obdurate heart, will nothing move,
Will nothing melt or ſoften thee?

2 Jeſus, Thou lovely bleeding Lamb,
To Thee I pour out my complaint:
I cannot hide from Thee my ſhame,
I own, and bluſh to own my want.

3 I want an heart to love my God,
I cannot bear this heart of ſtone:
Soften it, Saviour, by thy blood,
And melt the nether millſtone down.

4 Thou know'ſt (but muſt I tell Thee ſo,
A wretch condemn'd and ſelf-abhor'd,
Accurſt, and worthy endleſs woe!)
Thou know'ſt I do not love Thee, Lord.

5 This is my ſhame, my curſe, my hell,
I do not love the bleeding Lamb,
The Lamb who lov'd my ſoul ſo well:
This is my hell, my curſe, my ſhame.

6 The ſtone cries out, I do not love,
And breaks my heart its want to own;
The mountain now begins to move,
And half relents my heart of ſtone.

7 The word hath paſs'd thy gracious lips,
I feel, I feel the waters flow,
The rock is cleft, the marble weeps,
And lo! I mourn thy love to know.

8 For Thee, not without hope, I mourn,
I know, I feel thy love to me,
Thy love my flinty heart ſhall turn,
And get itſelf the victory.

9 Thou lov'ſt before the world began
This poor unloving ſoul of mine:
Jeſus came down, my God was man,
That I might all become divine.

10 My anchor this, which cannot move,
The ſervant as his Lord ſhall be,
And I ſhall live my God to love,
And die for Him who died for me.

HYMN XLIV.

To—*Captain, we look to Thee.*

1 COME, our redeeming Lord,
Come quickly from above,
Haſten according to thy word,
The kingdom of thy love:
By all the ſigns foretold,
We know that Thou art near,
And liſt our hands, divinely bold,
And long to graſp Thee here.

2 Sorrow and ſins increaſe,
And wide deſtroying war,
Forerunner of the prince of peace,
Thy ſure approach declare:
In threat'ned famine we
Thy promis'd fulneſs find
And cloſe behind the plague we ſee
The healer of mankind.

3 Beſet on every ſide
With terror and diſtreſs,
Untroubled and unterrified
We ſtill our ſouls poſſeſs:
The coming of our Lord
In patient hope attend,
And ſee fulfill'd thy faithful word,
And calmly wait the end.

4 Diſturb'd the nations are
With ſad perplexity,
Toſt to and fro by ſtormy care,
And all a troubled ſea;
They faint thro' ſore diſmay;
At deſolation near,
While we exult to ſee thy day,
To ſee thy face appear.

5 The waves lift up their voice,
And horribly they roar,
The more they rage, we ſhout our joys,
And praiſe our God the more:
Still in the general wreck
Immoveable we ſtand;
He comes, He comes, the Lord we ſeek,
His kingdom is at hand.

6 Jeſus ſhall ſoon deſcend,
Our Saviour and our King,
And bring the joys that never end,
And full redemption bring:
Redemption from the grave,
We know, and feel it nigh,
Jeſus ſhall ſoon deſcend and ſave
Us up above the ſky.

7 Earth to her center quakes,
And owns her judge is near;
Bowing the heavens, their powers He ſhakes,
And He ſhall ſoon appear:
Him we ſhall all ſurvey
High on a glorious cloud,
Whoſe tokens cry, Prepare his way!
Prepare to meet your God!

8 Jeſus thy word we own,
And wait th' appointed hour,
Come in thy glorious kingdom down,
With majeſty and power:
Thy heavenly bliſs reveal,
And bid us take our flight,
Caught up to meet Thee on the hill
With all thy ſaints in light.

HYMN XLV.

To—*All that pass by, behold the man.*

1 ETERNAL power of Jesu's name,
For Thee with broken heart I cry,
Saviour, from sin, from fear, form shame,
Come down, or I for ever die!

2 Thy only name can be my balm,
My spirit's desp'rate sickness heal,
Thy only voice the storm can calm,
And bid my troubled heart be still.

3 If yet Thou canst compassion have,
If grace doth more than sin abound,
Exert thine utmost power to save,
And let me in thy rest be found.

4 Th' irreparable loss repair,
Bind up the wound incurable,
Snatch from the jaws of deep despair,
And pluck the firebrand out of hell.

5 Lay to thy hand Almighty love,
The work, O God, is worthy Thee,
Such huge destruction to remove,
And save a soul so lost as me!

6 Th' intolerable load sustain,
Th' inextricable knot unite,
Loose the indissoluble chain,
And shew Thyself the Lord most high.

7 No opening door, no way to shun
Th' inevitable death I see
Out of the deep I cry——Undone,
Undone to all eternity!

8 No poſſibility of hope
Angels, or ſaints can ever ſhew,
Unleſs th' Almighty lift me up,
I ſink into infernal woe.

9 Nor can my deſp'rate heart conceive
How God himſelf ſhould ſave ſo far:
But humbly all to him I leave,
If yet He will his power declare.

10 Dying in ſin, condemn'd, and loſt,
I caſt me on a God unknown,
And cry, while rend'ring up the Ghoſt
Thy will, thy only will be done!

HYMN XLVI.

To—*Ah! Siſter in* Jeſus, *adieu.*

1 STILL out of the deepeſt abyſs
Of trouble I mournfully cry,
And pine to recover my peace,
To ſee my Redeemer and die:
I cannot, I cannot forbear
Theſe paſſionate longings for home;
O when will my ſpirit be there?
O when will the meſſenger come?

2 Thy nature I long to put on,
Thine image on earth to regain,
And then in the grave to lay down
By burthen of body and pain:
O Jeſus, in pity draw near,
And lull me to ſleep on thy breaſt,
Appear, to my reſcue, appear
And gather me into thy reſt.

3 To take a poor fugitive in,
The arms of thy mercy diſplay,
And give me to reſt from all ſin,
And bear me triumphant away;

4 Away from a world of diſtreſs,
Away to the manſions above,
The heaven of ſeeing thy face,
The heaven of feeling thy love.

HYMN XLVII.

At the hour of retirement.

To—*O for an Heart to praiſe my* God.

1 FATHER, behold with gracious eyes
The ſouls before thy throne,
Who now preſent their ſacrifice,
And ſeek Thee in thy Son.

2 Well pleas'd in Him Thyſelf declare,
Thy pard'ning love reveal,
The peaceful anſwer of our prayer
To every conſcience ſeal.

3 Meaneſt of all thy ſervants, I
Thoſe happier ſpirits meet,
And mix with theirs my feeble cry,
And worſhip at thy feet.

4 On me, on all ſome gift beſtow,
Some bleſſing now impart,
The ſeed of life eternal ſow
In every mournful heart.

5 The loving powerful ſpirit ſhed,
And ſpeak our ſins forgiven,
Or haſte throughout the lump to ſpread
The ſanctifying leaven.

6 Refreſh us with a ceaſeleſs ſhower
Of graces from above,
'Till all receive the perfect power
Of everlaſting love.

HYMN XLVIII.

At the parting of friends.

To—*The* Lord Jehovah *reigns.*

1 JESUS, accept the praiſe
That to thy name belongs,
Matter of all our lays,
Subject of all our ſongs,
Through Thee we now together came,
And part exulting in thy name.

2 In fleſh we part a while
(But ſtill in ſpirit join'd)
T' embrace the happy toil
Thou haſt for each aſſign'd:
And while we do thy bleſſed will,
We bear our heaven about us ſtill.

3 O let us then go on
In all thy pleaſant ways,
And arm'd with patience run
With joy the appointed race:
Keep us, and every ſeeking ſoul,
'Till all attain the heavenly goal.

4 There ſhall we meet again,
When all our toil is o'er,
And death, and grief, and pain,
And parting is no more:
We ſhall with all our brethren riſe,
And graſp Thee in the flaming ſkies.

5 O happy, happy day,
That calls thy exiles home!
The heavens ſhall paſs away,
The earth receive its doom,
Earth we ſhall view, and heaven deſtroy'd,
And ſhout above the fiery void.

6 These eyes shall see them fall,
Mountains, and stars, and skies,
These eyes shall see them all
Out of their ashes rise:
These lips his praises shall rehearse,
Whose nod restores the universe.

7 According to his word,
His oath to sinners given,
We look to see restor'd
The ruin'd earth and heaven,
In a new world his truth to prove,
A world of righteousness and love.

8 Then let us wait the sound
That shall our souls release,
And labour to be found
Of him in spotless peace,
In perfect holiness renew'd,
Adorn'd with Christ, and meet for God.

HYMN XLIX.

To—O Jesus, *my Rest!*

1 O All-loving Lamb,
A sinner I am,
And come as a sinner thy mercy to claim.

2 With joy I embrace
The pardon and grace,
Thy passion hath purchas'd for all the lost race.

3 For sinners like me
Thy mercy is free;
O who would not love such a Saviour as Thee?

4 Yet long I withstood,
And fled from my God,
But mercy pursu'd with the cry of thy blood!

5 It challeng'd its ſtray,
And forc'd me to ſtay,
And waſh'd all my ſins in a moment away.

6 I felt it applied,
And joyfully cried,
Me, me thou haſt lov'd and for me thou haſt died!

7 How mighty Thou art,
O love, to convert!
Love only could conquer ſo ſtubborn an heart.

8 The love of God-man
Alone could conſtrain
So ſturdy a rebel to love Thee again.

9 But ſure at the laſt
Thy goodneſs I taſte;
My ſoul on thy goodneſs delighted I caſt.

10 Thy goodneſs I praiſe,
I ſing of thy grace,
And joyfully live out my few happy days.

11 And when thy dear love
From earth ſhall remove,
O then I ſhall ſing like the angels above.

12 Yet there when I am,
My work is the ſame,
To aſcribe my ſalvation to God, and the Lamb.

13 Salvation to God
Will I publiſh abroad,
And make heaven ring with the cry of thy blood.

14 The Lamb that was ſlain,
Lo! He liveth again,
And I with my Jeſus eternally reign.

HYMN L.

The great ſupper, *Luke* xiv. 16—24.

To—*Awake*, Jeruſalem, *awake*.

1 COME, ſinners, to the goſpel-feaſt,
Let every ſoul be Jeſu's gueſt,
You need not one be left behind,
For God hath bidden all mankind.

2 Sent by my Lord, on you I call,
The invitation is to all,
Come all the world: come, ſinner, thou,
All things in Chriſt are ready now.

3 Jeſus to you his fulneſs brings,
A feaſt of marrow, and fat things:
All, all in Chriſt is freely given,
Pardon, and holineſs, and heaven.

4 Do not begin to make excuſe,
Ah! do not you his grace refuſe;
Your worldly cares and pleaſures leave,
And take what Jeſus hath to give.

5 Your grounds forſake, your oxen quit,
Your every earthly thought forget,
Seek not the comforts of this life,
Nor ſell your Saviour for a wife.

6 "Have me excus'd," why will ye ſay?
Why will ye for damnation pray?
Have you excus'd—from joy and peace!
Have you excus'd—from happineſs!

7 Excus'd from coming to a feaſt!
Excus'd from being Jeſu's gueſt!
From knowing *now* your ſins forgiven,
From taſting *here* the joys of heaven!

8 Excus'd alas! why would you be
From health, and life, and liberty,
From entering into glorious reſt,
From leaning on your Saviour's breaſt!

9 Yet muſt I, Lord, to Thee complain,
The world hath made thy offers vain,
Too buſy, or too happy they,
They will not, Lord, thy call obey.

10 Go then, my angry Maſter ſaid,
Since theſe on all my mercies tread,
Invite the rich and great no more,
But preach my goſpel to the poor.

11 Confer not thou with fleſh and blood,
Go quickly forth, invite the croud,
Search every lane, and every ſtreet,
And bring in all the ſouls you meet.

12 Come then, ye ſouls by ſin oppreſt,
Ye reſtleſs wanderers after reſt,
Ye poor, and maim'd, and halt, and blind,
In Chriſt an hearty welcome find.

13 Sinners my gracious Lord receives
Harlots, and publicans, and thieves;
Drunkards, and all ye helliſh crew,
I have a meſſage now to you.

14 Come, and partake the goſpel-feaſt,
Be ſav'd from ſin, in Jeſus reſt:
O taſte the goodneſs of our God,
And eat his fleſh, and drink his blood.

15 'Tis done: my all-redeeming Lord,
I have gone forth, and preach'd thy word,
The ſinners to thy feaſt are come,
And yet, O Saviour, there is room.

16 Go then, my Lord again enjoin'd,
And other wand'ring ſinners find;
Go to the hedges and highways,
And offer all my pard'ning grace.

17 The worſt unto my ſupper preſs,
Monſters of daring wickedneſs,
Tell them my grace for all is free,
They cannot be too bad for Me.

18 Tell them, their ſins are all forgiven,
Tell every creature under heaven,
I died to ſave them from all ſin,
And force the vagrants to come in.

19 Ye vagrant ſouls, on you I call,
(O that my voice could reach you all!)
Ye all are freely juſtified,
Ye all may live, for God hath died.

20 My meſſage as from God receive,
Ye all may come to Chriſt, and live:
O let his love your hearts conſtrain,
Nor ſuffer Him to die in vain.

21 His love is mighty to compel,
His conquering love conſent to feel;
Yield to his love's reſiſtleſs power,
And fight againſt your God no more:

22 See Him ſet forth before your eyes,
Behold the bleeding ſacrifice!
His offer'd love make haſte t' embrace,
And freely now be ſav'd by grace.

23 Ye who believe his record true,
Shall ſup with Him, and He with you:
Come to the feaſt; be ſav'd from ſin,
For Jeſus waits to take you in.

24 This is the time, no more delay,
This is the acceptable day,
Come in, this moment, at his call,
And live for Him who died for all.

HYMN LI.

The Pilgrim.

To—*Thee, Jesus, Thee the sinners friend.*

1 HOW happy is the pilgrim's lot,
How free from every anxious thought,
From wordly hope and fear!
Confin'd to neither court nor cell,
His soul disdains on earth to dwell,
He only sojourns here.

2 His happiness in part is mine,
Already sav'd from self-design,
From every creature-love!
Blest with the scorn of finite good,
My soul is lighten'd of its load,
And seeks the things above.

3 The things eternal I pursue,
An happiness beyond the view
Of those that basely pant
For things by nature felt and seen;
Their honours, wealth, and pleasures mean,
I neither have nor want.

4 I have no sharer of my heart,
To rob my Saviour of a part,
And desecrate the whole:
Only betroth'd to Christ am I,
And wait his coming from the sky,
To wed my happy soul.

5 I have no babes to hold me here,
But children more securely dear
For mine I humbly claim:
Better than daughters, or than sons,
Temples divine of living stones
Inscrib'd with Jesu's name.

6 No foot of land do I poſſeſs,
No cottage in this wilderneſs
A poor wayfaring man,
I lodge awhile in tents below,
Or gladly wander to and fro,
'Till I my *Canaan* gain.

7 Nothing on earth I call my own,
A ſtranger to the world unknown,
All their goods deſpiſe,
I trample on their whole delight,
And ſeek a country out of ſight,
A country in the ſkies.

8 There is my houſe and portion fair,
My treaſure and my heart is there,
And my abiding home:
For me my elder brethren ſtay,
And angels beckon me away,
And Jeſus bids me come.

9 I come, thy ſervant, Lord, replies,
I come to meet Thee in the ſkies,
And claim my heavenly reſt:
Now let the pilgrim's journey end,
Now, O my Saviour, brother, friend,
Receive me to thy breaſt.

HYMN LII.

At PARTING of FRIENDS.

To—*Come, let us join our cheerful ſongs.*

1 GOD of all conſolation, take
The glory of thy grace,
Thy gifts to Thee we render back
In ceaſeleſs ſongs of praiſe.

Not unto us, but Thee, O Lord,
Glory to Thee be given,
For every gracious thought and word
That brought us nearer heaven.

2 Further'd in faith, or hope, or love,
The praiſe to Thee we give,
Thy gifts deſcending from above
We only can receive:

The gift, the grace, the work is thine,
If ours the miniſtry,
We bow, and bleſs the hand divine,
All, all deſcends from Thee.

3 Thro' Thee we now together came,
In ſingleneſs of heart,
We met, O Jeſus, in thy name,
And in thy name we part:

We part in body, not in mind,
Our minds continue one,
And each to each in Jeſus join'd,
We hand in hand go on.

4 Subſiſt as in us all one ſoul,
No power can make us twain,
And mountains riſe, and oceans roll,
To ſever us in vain.

Preſent we ſtill in ſpirit are,
And intimately nigh,
While on the wings of faith and prayer,
We each to other fly.

5 With Jeſus Chriſt together we
In heavenly places ſit,
Cloath'd with the ſun, we ſmile to ſee
The moon beneath our feet.

Our life is hid with Chriſt in God,
Our life ſhall ſoon appear,
And ſpread his glory all abroad
In all his members here.

6 The heavenly treaſure now we have
In a mean houſe of clay,
Which He ſhall to the utmoſt ſave,
And guard againſt that day.

Our ſouls are in his mighty hand;
And He will keep them ſtill;
And you and I ſhall ſurely ſtand
With Him on *Sion*'s hill.

7 Him eye to eye we there ſhall ſee,
Our face like his ſhall ſhine:
O what a glorious company,
When ſaints and angels join!

O what a joyful meeting there!
In robes of white array'd,
Palms in our hands we all ſhall bear
And crowns upon our head.

8 Then let us lawfully contend,
And fight our paſſage thro',
Bear in our faithful mind the end,
And keep the prize in view:

Then let us haſten to the day
When all ſhall be brought home:
Come, O Redeemer, come away!
O Jeſus, quickly come!

26 SE60

FINIS.